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COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Scarcely have the doors of Covent Garden Theatre been closed to Italian opera than they are opened again for performances of an essentially different kind. The concerts under the direction of Messrs A. and S. Gatti are now annually looked forward to in the late summer season, and have become, in their way, a sort of institution. Nor is this surprising, for they are as well managed as can fairly be expected from the providers of such entertainments. Crowds of genuine music-lovers attend them, as well as crowds of mere seekers after diversion, in whatever reasonable shape it may be found. The taste of each of these classes is consulted, and in strict truth neither has cause for grumbling. There are evenings when the first half of the programme is devoted to music (vocal and instrumental) in default of which a large number of amateurs would hardly be attracted to the theatre at all; other evenings when the majority of pieces are in a lighter and more ad captandum style, and others appealing mainly to national sentiment—the so-called “English nights,” for example. These last are even more exclusive than the “classical nights,” inasmuch as the programmes are generally made up from the works of native composers. The term “miscellaneous” fitly applies to those occasions on which the selections are drawn from various sources, without reference to character or nationality; but in no instance, it should be observed, is there a concert the scheme of which does not include a fair admixture of pieces best calculated to win the sympathies of such as go for the sake of the music and care for little else. Further than this can hardly be expected in the circumstances. Where mixed crowds are to be consulted the attractions must be varied accordingly. The more that can be introduced appealing to a higher sense, the better; but on ordinary occasions, like the “miscellaneous” evenings, the quantity should be discreetly apportioned. On “classical” evenings the case is otherwise. Those not greatly tempted by an invitation to listen to what the masters of the art have to communicate may amuse themselves in another way until the first part of the programme has been gone through; while those who have no other object in contemplation may imitate their example as soon as the first part is over. Some experience of these entertainments, however, has brought with it a conviction that there are not a few belonging to either side occasionally curious to know a little of what so much pleases the other. Amateurs sufficiently advanced and organized to take delight in the symphonies of Beethoven cannot be insensible to the charm of a simple melody, when that melody is not merely simple, but from the pure source; for, after all, melody is the essence of music. On the other hand, it is notorious that among the multitude whose ideas at one period never soared above a plainly rhythmical tune very many are becoming interested in more or less developed forms; and we are disposed to believe that the “Promenade Concerts,” from the time of Jullien until now, have considerably influenced this growing tendency. Admit so much and, notwithstanding the conditions under which they inevitably exist, it must equally follow that they have worked on the whole no little for good.

The opening concert (on Saturday night), which brought together an audience that filled the vast theatre in every part, boxes, galleries, stalls, and promenade—if promenade that may be called where circulation is a privilege—gave a fair average example of the “miscellaneous” entertainment to which reference has been made. We may say, without further preamble, that the arrangements in front and back of the spacious orchestra are much the same as on former occasions; that the “decorations,” by Mr Julian Hicks, are on the accustomed scale of completeness; and that the general aspect of the *salle* is as gay and imposing as ever. Messrs Gatti, in accordance with the precedent, have spared no pains to make their musical arrangements as efficient as possible. They have got together an orchestra comprising sixteen first violins, fourteen second violins, eight violas, ten violoncellos, and ten double basses, with wind instruments &c., to match, which, combined with the band of the Coldstream Guards (under the direction of Mr Fred Godfrey), make up a force of about a hundred in number, all practised artists, with highly competent leaders over each department. Mr Arthur Sullivan having succeeded on account of important engagements elsewhere, and Mr Alfred Cellier, his able substitute last year, being in America, the post of conductor has been intrusted to Mr Frederic H. Cowen, who, by his musical knowledge and recognized ability, is well fitted to perform its duties, as was sufficiently proved on Saturday night. Mr Cowen has with him Mr A. Burnett, not only as leader of the violins, but as assistant conductor, where occasion may require. The quality of this fine orchestra was speedily put to the test in Meyerbeer's brilliant and by no means accommodating overture to *L'Étoile du Nord* (the military band, of course, taking part), subsequently in the *scherzo* from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn), and later on in the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, the one

requiring as much delicacy of handling as the other (apart from its tranquil opening for violoncellos and the “Jodel” movement) sustained animation. In addition to these we had the “Sevillana” *entr'acte* from the *Don César* of M. Massenet, to whom the world is indebted for *Le Roi de Lahore*, as well as the ballet-music from Anton Rubinstein's *Feramorz*, neither of which can be said to have created a marked impression. The opera of *Feramorz*, the libretto founded upon Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, is one of Herr Rubinstein's earlier works, having been originally written for Dresden as far back as 1863. The ballet pieces (which, four years ago, together with a “Wedding March” from the same opera, were introduced by Mr Manns at the Crystal Palace Concerts), comprise the two dances of Bayadères and the “Torch dance” of the Cashmere Brides. They possess no marked character, and by no means rank among the happy efforts of their prolific composer. The “Torch dance,” in D minor, is extremely lugubrious, the most spirited number being decidedly the second dance of Bayadères, a movement, “*vivace*,” in the major key of F. The first part included still other pieces for the orchestra. One of these was the well-known lively march from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*, with its gradations from soft to loud, and back again, which Herr Rubinstein has turned to such effective account in his pianoforte arrangement. The other was the *adagio* (in B flat), from a quartet by Haydn (in E flat), which, strange to say, has never yet been introduced at Mr Arthur Chappell's Popular Concerts. In the quartet Haydn (rare device with him) has the four instruments muted (“*con sordini*”), and as played on Saturday night by all the “strings,” the same device was adhered to. It was announced in the bills as “Serenade”—although Haydn himself has given it no such title.

The feature of the second part of the programme was “a Grand Selection from *Mignon*,” the deservedly popular opera of Ambroise Thomas, all but the *coda* (supplied by Mr F. H. Cowen, from the overture), the work of M. Audibert, very cleverly put together, and introducing the most striking themes in such a manner as to give several of the leading players in the orchestra—Messrs Radcliff (flute, who had already done good service in Mendelssohn's *Scherzo* and Rossini's overture), Egerton (clarinet), and Howard Reynolds (cornet)—excellent opportunities of distinction. The selection, too, has the merit of being short as well as good. Mr Reynolds seems to retain all his popularity, as was proved by the unanimous applause that greeted his solo, the theme of which was “Come per me sereno,” from the *Sonnambula*. The pianist of the evening was Miss Bessie Richards, who set herself a severe task in selecting Mendelssohn's *Serenade* and *Rondo gioioso*, and Liszt's arrangement, with orchestral accompaniment, of Weber's *Polacca*, or rather two *polaccas*, the introduction of the one in his compilation being made really the introduction to the other. Miss Richards would have done more wisely, we think, had she played either the “Polonaise” in E flat, or the “Polacca” in E major, precisely as Weber, who never dreamed of orchestral accompaniments, has left them. Either would have been welcome from her agile fingers. She gave the opening movement in B minor (the “Serenade”), from Mendelssohn's animated piece, with agreeable tone, unaffected phrasing, and genuine sensibility; and we entertain little doubt that when she has re-considered the *rondo*, which demands extraordinary sustaining power, she will make it a worthy companion to the serenade.

The singers were M^{me} Antoinette Sterling, Miss Mary Davies, and Mr Edward Lloyd—all, to judge by the applause and encores they obtained, great favourites. The encore awarded to Mr Lloyd, after Balfe's always popular ballad, “When other lips,” &c., was uproarious, and he had the good taste to repeat it, instead of substituting another song—a good taste which he lost sight of later in the evening, and in which he was not imitated by his fellow-artists. There were other pieces in the programme, but it is unnecessary to enter into further details. For the first “classical night,” on Wednesday, Mr Cowen has selected, among other things, a symphony by Haydn. He could hardly have done better.—*Times*.

On the “Classical Night” (why “Classical”?) Mr Cowen and his orchestra enjoyed famous opportunities for display in the overtures to *Euryanthe* and *Leonora* (No. 3) and the piquant *Scherzo* from Mendelssohn's “Reformation Symphony.” The *Ride of the Valküre* was well executed, but taken too slowly for the intended effect. The feature of the concert was Haydn's Symphony in C (No. 1 of the “Salomon” series), a work that may be regarded as the basis of all symphonies coming after it, and which influenced not only Mozart, but Beethoven (see his “No. 1,” in the same key). This was admirably rendered, from beginning to end. The *Andante* and *Finale* from Chopin's Concerto in E, and the *Gavotte* by Raff for pianoforte, with orchestra, were the pieces set down for Miss Bessie Richards, whose charming touch and unaffected style of phrasing were especially notable in Chopin's *Andante*. The *Gavotte*, like so many other things that bear the name of its too prolific composer,

is a mere "wind-bag," but Miss Richards found the secret of endowing it with a certain degree of interest. Of course we have had a fair quantity of vocal music during the week, and that supplied by singers of acknowledged excellence, the mere citation of whose names will suffice:—Mmes Patey, Osgood, and Antoinette Sterling; Misses Mary Davies and Annie Marriott; Messrs Edward Lloyd, Frank Boyle, Maybrick, and Foli. They have, however, introduced nothing new to speak of, but, encouraging by their acquiescence (supported by that of Mr Reynolds with his cornet) the intolerable nuisance of encores helped unreasonably to prolong the duration of the concerts. We have also had waltzes, polkas, quadrilles, and so forth. The concert last night was to be chiefly devoted to the music of English composers.—*Graphic*.

*Auprès de toi.**

Auprès de toi I'er would be
In happiness, in misery;
Twere but to hear thy gentle voice,
Whose thrilling tones my heart rejoice,
And wrap my dreamy senses o'er.
O let me stay *auprès de toi*!

Auprès de toi I'd know no fear,
For all is bright when thou art near.
With thee, I'd rather beg my bread,
Than with the proudest monarch wed.
I'd follow thee the whole world o'er,
For what's my life "si loin de toi."

Auprès de toi then let me rest,
To lie upon thy loving breast,
To feel thine arms around me twine,
To feel thy lips so warm on mine,
To see thee, love thee, and adore—
To live—and die—*auprès de toi*.

* Copyright.

Joanna Enriquez.

BERLIN.—Reichmann, from the Theatre Royal, Munich, commenced his engagement at Kroll's, with Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*. He was more applauded by the public than approved by critics.

BOLOGNA.—The Russian tenor, Ivanoff, who died here a short time since, has, in honour of his old friend, the author of *Il Barbiere*, bequeathed several musical MSS., written by some of the greatest composers of his day, to the Istituto Rossini here.

THE BRINSMEAD RECITAL.—All new contrivances to enlarge the means and improve the mechanism of the pianoforte must naturally engage the earnest attention of musicians, to whom this instrument is a *sine quid non*. Much interest was therefore raised by the announcement that a pianoforte recital would be given on Wednesday afternoon, in St. James's Hall, by the eminent manufacturers, Messrs. Brinsmead, at which pianofortes intended for the Melbourne Exhibition of 1880-81 would be tried. The feature exciting most curiosity, however, was the *sostenuto*, or, "sound sustaining" pedal, which—to cite the description published by the manufacturers—"prolongs any note or chord at the will of the performer, without the unpleasant effect of other sustained notes (or chords) mingling with it." This may be employed, and laid aside, at any given moment. The experiment was entrusted to the well-known pianist, Chevalier Antoine de Kontski, who found the desired opportunities in his own *fantasia* on themes from *Faust*. The result was all that the inventors could have desired, fully carrying out their idea. There were other pieces, vocal and instrumental, in the programme; but this was the leading purpose of the recital. After the recital a dinner was given in the banquet hall, followed by a concert of great historical interest, the instruments played on ranging from the virginals—two of which, one supposed to have been made in 1590, the other in 1663, were used by the performers, through the various stages of invention and improvement—to the modern grand pianoforte. The music was in each case selected from the works of composers who flourished at or about the time at which each instrument was in general use. Besides the virginal a harpsichord made by Kirchman, a square pianoforte on which Gluck composed his *Armida*, a pianoforte made by Pleyel & Co., of Paris, formerly belonging to Chopin, and several other instruments of interest to amateurs were exhibited.

WAGNER ON BEETHOVEN.*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

(From the "Musical Times.")

In a previous article on this subject we endeavoured to make intelligible a summary of the philosophy of music as propounded by Schopenhauer and adopted by Wagner. Only the main points therein need now be recalled. They were, that music proclaims the essential nature of things and has no necessary connection with external phenomena; that to become intelligible the musician approaches the perceptible world in, for example, the rhythmical succession of time, and that the art is prostituted by a too close association with that world, as when it aims only at producing beautiful forms and figures. Touching Beethoven, Wagner declares that it was the mission of the master to assert the proper function of his art; to release it from the bondage of the external and trivial, and make it a revelation of the inmost soul. On this point our author, after referring to the retardation of Mozart's development, by "unprecedented deviations," goes on to say: "We see young Beethoven, on the other hand, facing the world at once with that defiant temperament which, throughout his life, kept him in almost savage independence; his enormous self-confidence, supported by haughtiest courage, at all times prompted him to defend himself from the frivolous demands made upon music by a pleasure-seeking world. He had to guard a treasure of immeasurable richness against the importunities of effeminate taste. He was the soothsayer of the innermost world of tones, and he had to act as such in the very forms in which music was displaying itself as a merely diverting art." We will not stop to enquire whether Wagner's picture of Beethoven's "savage independence" is exactly warranted by the facts of, at least, the early part of his career. It is more important to raise a question as to the obligation expressed in the last-quoted sentence. Wagner was bound to meet the argument that his hero accepted and, to the last, worked upon the recognized forms of art, and we find here some sort of necessity assumed. Our author admits that Beethoven "never altered any of the extant forms of instrumental music on principle; the same structure can be traced in his last sonatas, quartets, symphonies, &c., as in his first." He would have acted according to reason, we are told, if he had overthrown those forms as a lot of useless "external scaffolding"; but he did nothing of the kind, although the "rough vehemence of his human nature shows how he felt the ban these forms laid upon his genius, with a sense of personal suffering almost as great as that which he felt under the pressure of any other conventionality." The entirely gratuitous assumption expressed in these words makes it all the more imperative that Wagner should explain to us why the savagely independent spirit of Beethoven did not burst asunder the chafing fetters of form. But our author does nothing of the kind. He tells us, in words already cited, that Beethoven "had to" observe form. Why "had to"? We can see no obligation, and the fair inference is that the master adhered to accepted artistic methods in the exercise of his right of choice, conscious that they did not hinder but rather assist a full and intelligible expression of his ideas. How much Wagner is at a loss to reconcile his theory of Beethoven with Beethoven's acts appears by his riding out of the matter on the back of a compliment to the German nation: "Here again is apparent the peculiarity of the German nature, which is inwardly so richly and deeply endowed, that it leaves its impress upon every form, remodels the form from within, and thus escapes the necessity of externally overthrowing it." This may be very true, but affords no proof that Beethoven despised the forms he, through life, so scrupulously observed. While we challenge Wagner on this point, it is impossible not to agree with his glowing description of the manner in which Beethoven's genius gave new life to the old methods. He may be somewhat hard upon the master's predecessors when he likens their works to a painted transparency with the light held before the picture, and Beethoven's to the same transparency with the light behind it, but every word of the following is true: "Assuredly it is an enchanted state we fall into when listening to a genuine work of Beethoven's. In all parts and details of the piece, that to sober senses look like a complex of technical means cunningly contrived to fulfil a form, we now perceive a ghost-like animation, an activity here most delicate, there appalling, a pulsation of undulating joy, longing, fear, lamentation, and ecstasy, all of which again seem to spring from the profoundest depths of our own nature. For the feature in Beethoven's musical productions which is so particularly momentous for the history of art is this: that every technical detail, by means of which for clearness' sake the artist places himself in a conventional relation to the external world, is raised to the highest significance of a spontaneous effusion."

* "Beethoven," By Richard Wagner. With a Supplement from the Philosophical Works of Arthur Schopenhauer. Translated by Edward Dannreuther. [London: Reeves.]

Surely if this prove anything beside Beethoven's greatness, it shows that the classical forms which "for clearness' sake" the master used are not incompatible with the complete manifestation of even a stupendous genius. Why then assail or ignore them, as some of Beethoven's successors take pride in doing?

Wagner next gives us some interesting remarks upon the difference in the essential natures of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The first-named master was satisfied to be a Prince's attendant. "Submissive and devout, he retained the peace of a kind-hearted, cheerful disposition to a good old age." Mozart, on the other hand, found servitude unbearable, and spent himself in "an incessant struggle for an undisturbed and secure existence," sacrificing his fugitive earnings to the petty enjoyments of life. On his part, Beethoven, far too haughty to attend either prince or public, lived so much within himself that he was comparatively indifferent to the world of external things. And, as he withdrew farther and farther from that world, the clearer became his insight into inner and inward things. In urging this upon us Wagner becomes truly eloquent, and we follow his argument with unalloyed pleasure. In the light here shown, deafness came to Beethoven as a gift from the gods: "For the outer world now became extinct to him; not that blindness robbed him of its view, but because deafness finally kept it at a distance from his hearing. The ear* was the only organ through which the outer world could still reach and disturb him; it had long since faded to his eye.† What did the enraptured dreamer see when, fixedly staring with open eyes, he wandered through the crowded streets of Vienna, solely animated by the waking of his inner world of tones?"

We must pass over Wagner's remarks upon Beethoven's optimism in religious belief, and in the capacities of human nature, simply pointing out how, in view of it, he compares the master to a saint whose suffering is enhanced by every display of evil works and ways. Beethoven's reason, we are told, impelled him "to construct the Idea of the Good Man," and then to find a melody proper to him. In working out this fanciful hypothesis Wagner becomes extravagant to the cool-headed reader. He speaks of the "Eroica" Symphony as "almost" indicating Beethoven's search after the Good Man; who is, however, more obviously found in the finale of the "C minor," to which the "Eroica" appears as "a protracted preparation, holding us in suspense like clouds moved now by storms, now by delicate breezes, from which at length the sun bursts forth in full splendour." As for the Melody fitted to the Good Man, Wagner discovers it in the last movement of the Ninth Symphony:—"The most consummate art has never produced anything more artistically simple than that melody, the childlike innocence of which, when it is first heard in the most equable whisper of the bass stringed instruments in unison, breathes upon us as with a saintly breath. It now becomes the Plain-Song—the chorale of the new congregation, around which, as in the church chorale of Sebastian Bach, the harmonic voices form contrapuntal groups as they severally enter. There is nothing like the sweet fervour to which every newly added voice further animates this type of purest innocence, until every embellishment, every glory of elevated feeling, unites in it and around it, like the breathing world round a finally revealed dogma of purest love." This is not less true than eloquent; but Beethoven would probably be surprised, could he live again, at the theory which connects his beautiful theme with search after a Melody fitting for an ideal Good Man. He might also want to know why such a melody is not recognized as having been found when the Choral Fantasia was written. Wagner now goes on to insist that Beethoven "emancipated melody from the influence of fashion and fluctuating taste," and not only so, but gave to vocal music, in relation to that which is instrumental, a new significance, by treating the voices, not with reference to their verbal text, but as "human instruments." An orchestra with voices thus became simply an orchestra with enhanced capabilities—in other words, additional instruments. "We are all aware," says Wagner, "that music loses nothing of its character even when very different words are set to it; and this fact proves that the relation of music to the art of poetry is purely illusory; for it holds true that when music is heard, with singing added thereto, it is not the poetical thought, which, especially in choral pieces, can hardly be articulated intelligibly, that is grasped by the auditor, but, at best, only that element of it which, to the musician seemed suitable for music, and which his mind transmuted into music." This leads our author into a philosophical discussion of "the most complete drama," as we should have it from the combination of a Shakspere and a Beethoven, each speaking out of his inmost consciousness, regardless of forms and conventionalities. As to this part of the argument

we must refer the reader to the book itself, since to touch it all would necessitate the taking up of large space.

Wagner anticipated that his peculiar ideas about Beethoven would be held up to ridicule, and he here discusses at some length the literary and æsthetic degeneracy of our age. He attributes it almost entirely to fashion—the subordination of individuality to a common pattern. The true paradise of mental activity, he tells us, was found before letters were invented, or written upon parchment or paper. But when written characters were introduced, mental activity abated, and still more was this the case after the invention of printing.‡ Down to this point, however, there was some hope. "The genius of a people could come to an understanding with the printer," but the rise of journalism removed the last chance. "For now opinions only rule 'public opinions,' and they can be had for money. Whoever takes in a newspaper has procured its 'opinions' over and above the waste paper; he need not think or reflect any further; what is to be thought of God and the world lies ready before him in black and white." Thus, hopelessly in bondage to fashion or "public opinion," we must on Wagner's showing look to music for comfort. The kingdom of music, like that of religion, is not of this world. "Let every one experience for himself how the entire modern world of phenomena that, to his despair, everywhere impenetrably hems him in, suddenly vanishes away as soon as he hears the first bars of one of these divine Symphonies. How could we possibly listen with any devotion to such music at one of our concert-rooms, if the physical surroundings did not vanish from our optical perception? Yet this is, taken in its most serious sense, the uniform effect of music over and against our entire modern civilization; music extinguishes it as sunshine does lamplight." It is the spirit of this powerful and unfettered art, from which Beethoven struck the last shackles of fashion when he emancipated melody, that, according to Wagner, will reanimate our civilization as far as concerns the artistic Man. On the same authority, the task of reanimation devolves upon the German spirit, and will be achieved by it provided it learn to comprehend the situation properly and relinquish every false tendency.

We have attempted no more than a sketch of the salient points in this remarkable book, hoping only that the public whose ears we reach may be induced to study it for themselves. Amid much that is fantastic, far-fetched, and exaggerated, there is much that is true, and the truth is unusually well stated and important.

[This "remarkable book," according to my humble judgment, is a farrago of nonsense from beginning to end. Poor Beethoven! Save him from his commentators!—OTTO BEARS.]

PLANCHÉ.

"A Cuspide, Corona."

ANOTHER warrior on life's battle plain,
Knight of the pen, and victor by the brain,
His armour spotless and his flag untorn
Spite quips of fortune, scar of time long borne,
Now gently lays the weary burden down
And dons the hero's meed,—the conqueror's crown;
And as we gather round the well-loved dead
We scarce believe the kindly soul has fled;
He lives for ever in the hearts he won
By gentlest words, by deeds of kindness done.
No petty passions did his actions sway,
His guileless nature knew not envy's way;
Then on the roll of England's honour'd men
Inscribe in golden type his name whose pen
No profits venal or unjust e'er knew;
But, to his noble craft, his honour, true,
Has left us works that through long years shall stand
"Near greater lights upon time's shifting strand,"
And lead young strugglers on the road to fame
His worth to emulate, and make a name.
Rest, rest, good soldier!—'tis no longer night,
Find 'yond these voices,—Peace; this darkness,—Light.

Builder, June 5.

C.

CAIRO.—The Vice-Regal Theatre will re-open its doors with a liberal grant from the Khedive; the new manager, M. Larose, contenting himself, however, with buffo-opera and vaudeville, will not venture on grand opera.

‡ Which is as much as to say that so soon as men could interchange thought with facility the thought was not worth communicating. Bosh.—DR BLIDGE.

* Qy.—Eye?—DR BLIDGE.

† Qy.—Ear?—DR BLIDGE.

MICHAEL IVANOVITCH GLINKA.

(Continued from page 488.)

The starting point was changed: it is not in the nuptial chamber but in the midst of the wedding feast that the storm conjured up by Tchernomor bursts forth, and that Ludmila is carried away. This first picture is strangely and strikingly grand. In the midst of choruses and of universal joy, a skald, or sort of Russian bard, prophecies in an endless melopœia; the orchestra would accompany him very discreetly, but for a battery of cymbals, triangles, and the big drum, which we should never have understood, did not Glinka inform us in his *Memoirs* that he wished by this to imitate the noise of the knives, forks, and plates at a grand state dinner; it was, as the reader is aware, at the marriage of the Archduchess that Glinka conceived the notion of this scene. Suddenly the sky is overcast and night envelops the assembly. In the orchestra is heard, given by the brass, a descending scale, terrible, barbarous, harsh, and strangely harmonized. It is Tchernomor, the magician. The storm disperses and Ludmila has disappeared. We have here a four-part canon written with extreme skill and the penetrating voice of the contralto produces in it an admirable effect. The first tableau of the second act takes place at the abode of Finn, the sorcerer who protects Rousslan. Here we have the Finnish ballad, longly developed, now sustained by harmony like that of the ballad in *Zampa*, now accompanied by orchestral arrangements reminding the hearer of Weber's manner in *Oberon*. As a set-off to this scene, we next see Farlaf consulting an old fairy named Naina; the crafty coward and his companion flutter through a syllabic duet such as Auber puts in the mouth of his characters. Third change of scene: the Giant's Head appears. Grand recitative and air by Rousslan, who triumphs over the Head and obtains possession of the sword.

In the third act there is a ballet at Naina's, who has succeeded in attracting to her house her favourite's two rivals, and who endeavours to make them forget the flight of time, the object desired, and the promised result. Fortunately, Finn, more powerful than Naina, blows upon the palace and the magic counterfeit melts away. This act contains two remarkable pieces: at its commencement, a female chorus, re-producing with variations a very pleasing Persian melody, and then Ratmir's air, the favourite piece of Russian contraltos. It consists of an andante, warm and caressing in tone, and of an allegro in waltz form, brilliant, original, and eccentrically gay; between these two parts, there is an oriental theme, the same which supplied Félicien David with his delicious cantilena in the *Désert*: "Ma belle Nuit, ah! sois plus lente!" In the present instance it is in the minor key. It is repeated twice by the orchestra during the intervals not taken up by the singer's recitative.

The fourth act transports us to Tchernomor's enchanted palace. Ludmila is sad. A chorus of "Harmonious Flowers" come to offer her consolation. This is a page of poetic sentiment and exquisite delicacy. The divertissement which follows is very remarkable; it comprises Tchernomor's March, a sort of Turkish composition in which the *Glockenspiel* occupies a prominent place; a Turkish dance-air; an Arab dance-air; and lastly a *lesguienne*, characterised by originality of which it is impossible to convey an idea. The entire ballet is written for two bands in combination, a reed band on the stage and a regular band in the orchestra; the symphonic work is very complete and the eccentricities of the rhythm must render its execution anything but easy.

Scarcely has the last chord of the *lesguienne* been played ere a horn is heard behind the scenes. Combat between Tchernomor and the Dwarf: the spectators perceive in the air the hero clinging to the latter's frightful beard, while the other personages sing a grand chorus and the horrible scale, of which mention has already been made, D, C, E flat, A flat, F sharp, E, passes through the orchestra. Rousslan, having conquered, sings a trio with Ratmir and Gorislava, Ludmila's maid.

In the opera, it is Ratmir who, instructed by Finn, wakes Ludmila in the fifth act, but this does not prevent Rousslan from marrying her. The evening terminates with the picture of the nuptial rejoicings, which are not now troubled by any disagreeable incident. Such was the work into which Glinka put all his knowledge and inspiration. At the period he composed it, he was really a master; he possessed all the secrets of his art and the skill to employ all its resources. One of his aims when writing *Rousslan and Ludmila*, was to introduce into the music the popular

songs not only of Russia, but likewise of the East and of all the other countries, thus putting an indelible and very distinct mark on his characters and, thanks to his original idea, coming nearer and nearer the ideal of which modern opera has caught a glimpse.

We borrow the following lines from an article published only a few months since, on music in Russia, by M. César Cui, one of the most eminent composers of the new St Petersburg School, and the mouthpiece of the group which acknowledges MM. Balakiref, Rimsky-Korsakof, Borodine, and Moussgorky, as its principal chiefs:

"We were merely the spokesmen of truth when declaring the great worth of *Life for the Czar*; we shall be equally veracious when we say that the music of *Rousslan* is even far better. *Life for the Czar* is the work of youth quite as much as of genius; *Rousslan* emanates from mature talent, which has reached the utmost limits of its development. As far as pure music is concerned, *Rousslan* is a work of the first order; viewed in this special light, it will bear comparison with the great lyric masterpieces; in it Glinka traced out new routes, and opened up prospects unknown before his time. * * * * * The fate of *Rousslan* and *Ludmila* was utterly dissimilar to that of *Life for the Czar*. Like most works in which the composer's genius has greatly outstripped the æsthetic powers of his contemporaries, *Rousslan* has not been appreciated at its proper value. It was even ridiculed and found wearisome. 'The subject,' says a critic, 'can scarcely be considered interesting, and as for the music, it is very strange and incomprehensible. . . . *Rousslan* was called an 'operatic failure.' People went to see it, but only to admire the beautiful way in which it was put on the stage. It needed nothing less than the author's death for justice to be done it. . . . When, after an interruption of several years, it was re-performed, it was received courteously, but without the slightest enthusiasm. At length, thanks, perhaps, to the persevering efforts of the young musical press, a gradual reaction set in, and at present *Rousslan* is more highly esteemed than any other Russian opera; it is praised, it is revered, and people almost bow down before every note in it."

As we see, even for the modern school, even for the adepts of the revolutionary cœnaculum, for such as would be styled in Paris Wagnerians, and who would feel but moderately honoured by the title, for they consider themselves much more advanced than Wagner, Glinka is still the great Glinka, and he is so on account more especially of his *Rousslan* and *Ludmila*. The orchestral score of this remarkable work has lately been engraved, thanks to Mad. Schestakof, and forms two large volumes superbly got up. In some of the numbers, as the reader will remember, a military band is added to the orchestra. The parts for the supplementary instruments no longer existed; there was only an abridgment of them placed by Glinka at the top of the pages of the score. They have been written out separately again by M. Rimsky-Korsakof. Nor is this all: a great many of these pieces demand a great development of instrumental resources, and there was a wish to put the work within reach of second-rate theatres which might desire to get it up. M. Balakiref has re-written for a small orchestra a considerable number of the most important pages of the score; this useful reduced version is to be found at the end of the second volume. M. Liadof was associated with MM. Balakiref and Rimsky-Korsakof in the task of revising and making the necessary corrections.

The first performance of *Rousslan* and *Ludmila* took place on the 27th November, 1842, five years to a day after the first performance of *Life for the Czar*.

"The first act went well," says Glinka; "so did the second, except the chorus of the Giants' Heads. In the third, Petrova was weak; the fourth did not prove effective; during the fifth, the Imperial family left the theatre. On the fall of the curtain there was a call for the author, but it was not very well sustained; persons on the stage and in the orchestra did not scruple to hiss. I was uncertain whether I ought to show myself, so I consulted General Doubelt, who was near me. 'Yes, go on,' he replied, 'Christ suffered more than you.' Notwithstanding everything, my Mother and I concealed our trouble, and cordially received the friends we had invited to supper."

The second performance was not more successful. On the third evening, the younger Mlle Petrova, whom Glinka had all along considered unequal to the part, was replaced by her elder

sister, a lady of riper talent, who sang with heartfelt ardour. She was applauded, recalled, and made the piece run seventeen nights. Glinka attributed the non-success of his work to external causes: the ill-will of certain artists, affected by the tittle-tattle in the papers, the want of care on the part of the band, and, lastly, the scenery, machinery, and changes, particularly in the fourth act.

"Tchernomor's garden," he says, "was commonplace in its design; the enchanter's palace looked like vulgar barracks. The fantastic flowers placed at one side of it were formless, scarcely sketched in, and coarsely covered with vulgar gilding. When the time for Ludmila's repast came, there emerged from underground not a table bearing various kinds of food, but something resembling a lectern with a sort of gilt tree, which waved vaguely about. It was not a practical trick, but a take-in for actors and public. Mad. Stepanova was quite confused, and any other actress in her place would have been the same."

Glinka could blame only himself for these unfortunate things, since, on leaving for Moscow, the manager had made him absolute master of all the stage arrangements. With his usual ingenuous confidence, Glinka relied far too easily on the stage-manager, not reflecting that, in a fairy opera, all these details are nearly as important as the music. But we may say without fear of mistake that, under all circumstances, *Rousslan* was doomed to be a failure; the book was not interesting, and the music, now admired and appreciated, was too elaborate, too complicated, and too new for the period when it appeared. We must not seek elsewhere the reasons of the failure, which, after all, was a very honourable one, since the winter of 1842-43 saw *Rousslan and Ludmila* played for thirty-two nights.

"*Guillaume Tell*, when a novelty, was performed only sixteen times." Such was what Liszt said by way of consolation to Glinka, when the latter was deploring the fate of his opera. This was the second time the celebrated pianist had been to St Petersburg. Glinka speaks of the effect produced by Liszt's visit in February, 1842, a visit which was a genuine event for amateurs and women of fashion. The author of *Life for the Czar* appears especially to have appreciated Liszt's kindly disposition, promptitude at repartee, brio, quick, active intelligence, and prodigious facility. Considered as a virtuoso, Liszt struck him, despite his admirable talent, as "full of exaggeration of all kinds." With regard to Liszt as a composer, an incontestable poet whom people will some day admire, Glinka does not seem to have known him. The evening before Liszt's departure, there was an artists' supper at Coutousoff's. Glinka was invited as was also Count Michael Wielhorski, the author of an opera called *The Gipsys*, and the individual to whom Berlioz addressed the interesting letters recently* published in *Le Ménestrel*. The conversation turned upon *Rousslan and Ludmila*, and the Count repeated what he had been saying everywhere for a year: "It is an operatic failure."

"Annoyed at always being told the same thing, I resolved to silence Wielhorski once for all. I begged the numerous guests to grant me a few minutes' attention. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I consider the Count one of our best musicians.' 'So he is, so he is!' resounded from all sides. 'Well, then, Count, with your hand on your conscience, tell me whether, supposing you to have written it, would you have signed *Rousslan and Ludmila*?' 'Aye, that I would,' he replied. 'In that case, gentlemen, allow me to think the work is not so very bad, and that I have reason to be satisfied with it.'"

It was thus that for a long time Glinka had to submit to more or less just criticism which irritated his self-love without producing any useful result. His taste for travelling was re-awakened, and he soon afterwards quitted St Petersburg for Paris, where he was destined to find, if not brilliant success, at least the respect and consideration with which we like to surround those who, preceded by a reputation achieved beyond our frontiers, present themselves to us modestly and simply.

(To be continued.)

The Pen will henceforth be published as a monthly journal of literature, instead of, as heretofore, a weekly. The first number of the new series will appear to-day, with a new serial novel and a special coloured wrapper for advertisements. (Another journal, entitled *Pen and Ink*, is said to be in contemplation.—DR BRIDGE.)

* This was written in October, 1879.—ED. M.W.

PROPHETS IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY.

(From the "Graphic.")

Not very long since the Washford Musical Society, aided by delegates from the Taunton Philharmonic Association and the Taunton Musical Society, gave a concert, the programme of which was made up exclusively from the works of G. A. Macfarren, Professor of Music at the Cambridge University, and Principal of our Royal Academy. This was so successful as to lead to another step in the same direction, and a concert devoted entirely to works by W. Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren's immediate predecessor both at Cambridge and London, followed, with the happiest results. The programme was in two divisions. The first, commencing with the overture to Byron's *Parisina* (which breathes the spirit of the poem from end to end), included the "Three Diversions" (pianoforte duets), of which Schumann spoke in such glowing terms, together with vocal solos and part-songs, among them being the unaccompanied quartet, "God is a Spirit," from *The Woman of Samaria*, which will be remembered as having formed part of the funeral service when our highly gifted English musician found a resting-place among other illustrious members of his craft, in the time-honoured precincts of Westminster Abbey. The second part was wholly taken up with *The May Queen*, deservedly the most popular of English secular cantatas (originally produced at the Leeds Festival of 1858, which Bennett himself directed). The concert proved so great a success that it was resolved to give another (on Thursday, the 8th ult.), with exactly the same programme. The conductor and chief promoter of this movement in a right direction is Mr Thomas J. Dudeney, an enthusiastic local professor, to whom all credit is due.

FRIENDS AT MY WINDOW.*

There grew around my window
A woodbine and a rose,
A star-like fairy jasmine
More white than virgin snows.
I watched the woodbine first appear
With amber-tinted brow,
And said, with an approving smile,
"No flower more sweet than thou."

A dewy rose-bud heard me,
And said, "What's that I pray?
What slight me for the woodbine,
You know not what you say."
And when the mossy bud unclosed,
The saying proved most true,
I said, while gazing on her charms,
"No flower so sweet as you."

At length the starry jasmine
Beamed forth a glistering gem,
And said, "Although I am but small,
I smell as sweet as them."
I love you best, sweet jasmine,
Thy sickle heart now said,
"For you come when the woodbine leaves us,
And bloom when the rose is dead."

* Copyright.

SARAH PHIBBS HOWELL.

GEORGETOWN (DEMERARA).—Mdmé and M. Cazaux of Martinique, assisted by M. St Aubin, have given a series of concerts in the Philharmonic Hall. Mdmé Cazaux's soprano voice and cultivated style have afforded the greatest satisfaction. M. Cazaux, whose voice is a *tenor robusto* of force and volume, has also been much admired. The comic songs of M. St Aubin, unhappily in a language that few understood, were accompanied by such acting and emphasis as to cause no end of merriment. The pianoforte accompaniments by our talented amateur pianist, Mrs Anderson, who gratuitously rendered assistance, have been thoroughly appreciated.—*The Colonist*, July 3rd.

SATURDAY'S CONCERT.

(To the Editor of "The Colonist.")

SIR,—Could you persuade the Militia Band to go up the River and pick locust gum on Saturday, or else play about three blocks off? The Militia Band is a fine band in its way, but it is rather painful to listen to a "Tear" waltz after Mdmé Cazaux's singing.

July 1, 1880.

DEATHS.

On July 28, at 21, Talbot Road, Westbourne Park, in his 76th year, GEORGE STEVENS, of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, for many years connected with the late Vauxhall Gardens.

On July 30, at 8, St James's Terrace, Westbourne Square, W., of pneumonia, MABEL PHEBE GRAY, the only daughter of G. B. and F. F. SICKLEMORE, aged 15. R.I.P.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POLKAW.—Do! Squares are already formed to repel charge. At the same time, don't — that is to say, jump at conclusions.

Sure it's Arthur A'B

On Mefistofele —

That it's not F. C. B.

I'll bet thirteen to three.

Thus a poet of inferior stature but long pedigree. Take example by him and prosper. Don't be too nymphatic. (See another page and turn over a new one.) What do the "Eolists" maintain? Ask Swift (*Tale of a Tub*).

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

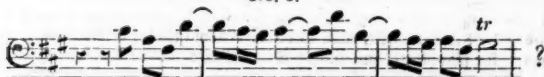
The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1880.

To George Grove, Esq.

Queries.

No. 1.

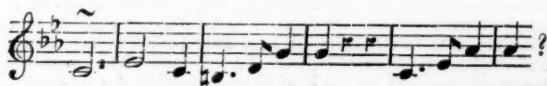


(Inquiry motive.)



WHAT induced Sterndale Bennett to dedicate his overture, *Parisina*, to Henry Field of Bath, excellent pianist but most unimpassioned of men, who played music by Hummel (equally unimpassioned) in preference to music by any other composer, who pronounced Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* "twaddle," thought more of Persiani's *fortiture* than of her singing in tune (which she rarely did), and considered that he had spent a six weeks' holiday at Brussels well, after, with continued practice day by day, mastering a *fantasia* by Theodore Dohler? Now answer this "No. 1" without delay, or "No. 2" shall find an answer elsewhere.

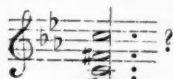
No. 2.



(Inquiry motive.)

"Heine's Memoirs"—says the *Daily News*—"are like the lost books of Livy, which are always being discovered, to the horror of schoolboys, who find the extant Livy sufficiently voluminous."

We quite agree with the schoolboys, but how about the lost books of Tacitus?



(Inquiry motive.)

The loss of these is as much to be regretted as would be the loss of so many symphonies of Beethoven.

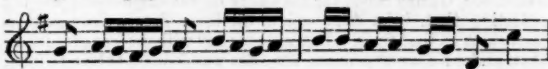
J. Peters.

A GRAVE ASSERTION.

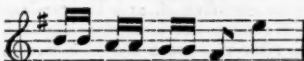
TURNING over the leaves of a gay and sparkling young paper, intitled *The American Art Journal*, our better eye caught the subjoined:—

"The *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* waxes wrothful, *à propos* of the severe strictures of the *London Daily News*, on Wagner. It says: 'Our readers should recollect that little value should be placed upon the opinions of the critics of the *London daily press*, as they are ignorant and follow popular taste.'"

Doubtless the *Daily News* critic, whose chief fault is that he knows more about music and musicians than ninety-nine European musical critics out of one hundred European musical critics (in fact, out of any given number of hundreds of European musical critics), will reply, "in accents wild" (wrothfully):—



Go to . . . pot, you . . . stu. pid. old. sot, You



&c.

stu. pid. old. sot, You

But that will not exactly mend the matter. The Dutch arraignment is serious, and should be seriously answered in the name of our "ignorant" and "popular." The honour of our musical critics is at stake, and, substantially, the good repute of our musical critics is in the hands of the *Daily News* musical critic, to whom all we musical critics look for the brandishing of a falchion that never missed a gash and the covering of a scar-repelling *egis*. Now, old companion in disarmament, look to 't!

Groher Revers.

Punch.

Le Roi est mort!—Vive le Roi!

Fredrick C. Burnand is appointed successor to the late Tom Taylor in the Editorial Chair of *Punch*. That a better choice could not possibly have been made is beyond all question. Henceforth we shall have *Punch* without politics, though never (perish the thought!) politics without *Punch*. All our anxiety now is about the "*Latest Chronicle of Small-Beerjester*," the dis-continuance of which (perish that thought!), through press of business, would leave a world disconsolate and dull. By "world," the world musical, or *Musical World*, as more widely known, is intended. Deprived of its *Beadle*, the *Musical World* would be like a swallow without——(not to search after far-fetched similes) a swallow! Natheless—but enough! Dispense with vain fears. Away with them!

Le Roi est mort!—Vive le Roi! Vive Punch! Vive Burnand! Vive unextinguishable wit and humour!

J. Peters.

Service Tree and Sable, Tadcaster, Wednesday, July 28.

MAD. ARABELLA GODDARD is at *Boulogne-sur-Mer*, where she will reside till October. It is to be hoped that, during the winter, she will not only be heard at the Crystal Palace, but also at the Popular Concerts in St James's Hall.

M. MAUREL, the eminent French dramatic barytone, will spend his holiday in Savoie, and at Marseilles, his native town, where he intends employing his leisure hours in writing a work in connection with lyric art.

To Otto Heard.

All right. I will.

Have you read F. C. B.
On *Mefistofele*?

[See "Answers to Correspondents."—O. H.]

Every morn at Boulogne-on-Sea, when the blue wave laughs
and dies upon the strand,* a nymph, gracious and with golden
fleece,† is yearningly seen dipping in sun-sparkles of the subtle
billow. Loveliness droppeth from her eyne, and delight shineth
on her lip. Amongst those who waste amorously and vainly on
upon the yellow sands are * * * I am writing such a lot of
things at the same time that I've got into a regular‡ muddle.

[It would appear so.—O. H.]

Polkat.

ALL London should go to see and hear (and in fact, is going to
see and hear) the "Haverley's American United Mastodon
Minstrels," who nightly draw crowds to Her Majesty's Theatre.

MISS ELLYN TERRY is spending her holiday at Boulogne-
sur-Mer.

HERR KUHE, the Brighthelmstone King of Harmony, is at
Boulogne-sur-Mer.

HERR MAURICE STRAKOSCH, Argus—nay Briareus, nay
Anteus—among modern cosmopolitan *entrepreneurs*, is at
Boulogne-sur-Mer.

MDME ROSE HERSE (Louisa Pyne's legitimate successor) is said
to be engaged by Herr Max Strakosch for his forthcoming operatic
season in the United States.

MR EDWARD LLOYD is passing, with his family, a short
holiday in Devonshire, previous to resuming his duties at the
Promenade Concerts of Messrs Gatti.

THE remarkable English tenor, Joseph Maas, after having been
heard through the part of Wilhelm Meister by M. Ambroise
Thomas himself, has left for Dublin, where he is to play in the
English version of *Mignon*, with the Carl Rosa company. Maas
has studied the Italian school of vocalization with Corsi of Milan,
and is now about to study the French method in Paris under that
eminent Professor, Huatache. He is gifted with a high tenor
voice, homogeneous throughout, and as effective in subdued
passages as in those where force and energy are demanded. He
is, in short, a singer of high distinction, as was remarked by all
connoisseurs at the concerts of the Trocadero (English section)
during the International Fêtes at our "Exposition Universelle,"
in 1878.

VERDI.—Already Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour of
France, Verdi has recently been awarded the distinction of Grand
Cross of the Crown of Italy. The celebrated composer of *Rigoletto*
and *Aida* is now exclusively giving attention to the new opera
founded upon Shakspeare's *Othello*, the libretto for which has been
written for him by Signor Arrigo Boito, whose *Mefistofele*, in its
condensed and revised form, has been everywhere received with
such enthusiasm, and whose *Nerone*, now very nearly completed,
is looked forward to with general interest. In *Nerone*, as in
Mefistofele, Signor Boito is his own librettist. His co-operation
with Verdi, in an opera which has one of Shakspeare's greatest
tragedies for basis, is likely to yield results of which history may
have to speak. The conduct of the story, we are given to under-
stand, follows Shakspeare as closely as consorts with effective
musical treatment. Therein it widely differs from the weak con-
coction prepared for Rossini at Naples in 1816, to which, neverthe-
less, we owe one of the most eloquent pages in the lyric drama—the
third act, containing the "Willow-Song" (a long drawn out melody
such as comes to few), the last ebullition of Othello's frenzied
jealousy, and the death at his hands of the innocent Desdemona.
Here Verdi is likely to find most difficulty in contesting the palm
with his renowned predecessor, who in cheerful mood would often
call him "ce dernier des Romains."

* To die on the strand is no laughing matter. Ask anybody who ever
died on the strand.—DR BLIDGE.

† "Fleece" is good.—DR BLIDGE.

‡ "Regular"?—Say irregular.—DR BLIDGE.

CONCERTS.

At the concert given in the "Arts and Literature Dilettante
Circle," Argyll Street, the singers were Mr and Mrs Furlong, Miss
Lennon, Signor Salviani, and Mr Demeric; the instrumentalists,
Miss Schönewald, Herren Pontz, Lait, and Mr Scott. Mr Furlong,
an American with a genuine tenor, who has been heard several times
this season, and sings with taste and expression, gave Blumenthal's
"Message" and Ascher's "Alice, where art thou?" obtaining hearty
applause after each. He also sang, with Mrs Furlong, "Una notte
a Venezia." Mrs Furlong gave songs by Ferri, R. de Valmency,
and Molloy, in response to an "encore" substituting "Comin' thro'
the rye." Signor Salviani was much applauded in Benedict's "Eily
Mavourneen." The concert ended with Henry Leslie's trio, "Oh
memory," by Miss Lennon and the couple Furlong. It afforded
general satisfaction.

MR W. H. HOLMES's third pianoforte and miscellaneous concert
was given in the concert-room of the Royal Academy of Music, on
Saturday morning, July 31. Mr Holmes informs us that "these
concerts are partly in illustration of his own new work, *Notes upon
Notes*, dedicated by special permission to their Royal and Imperial
Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh." The opening
piece was Professor Macfarren's third Sonata (in G minor), played by
the concert-giver with a perfection of mechanism, phrasing and
expression that recalled those very old times when he first introduced
to the public the Sonata in E flat (No. 1), and the Sonata in A (No.
2—"Ma Cousine"), by the same composer. Subsequently Mr
Holmes joined Mr G. W. Hammond in the first number of a set of
pianoforte duets (composed by himself), entitled *Musical Pastime in
Sorrow*. The second of these, a "romance," is a gem of exquisitely
fashioned melody. Mr Holmes also played, with Mr Lazarus and
Signor Pezze, Beethoven's trio for clarinet, violoncello, and piano-
forte, bringing the concert to an end with a group of pieces
by English composers, comprising Mr J. W. Davison's romance,
"Happy as a little bird," a study by the late Cipriani Potter, a
"Persian Serenade" by Mr Harold Thomas, Mr H. C. Lunn's "Le
Papillon," Mr Brinley Richards' "Autrefois," and his own "Home
Song." Several of Mr Holmes's pupils assisted, giving satisfactory
evidence of his eminent ability and admirable method as an in-
structor. Miss Fleming played the *andante* and *scherzo* from a
"Fantasia Sonata" by her master; Miss Adelaide Arnold, a duet
by Steibelt, with Miss Beatrice Warren (pupil of Mr John Thomas),
for pianoforte and harp; Miss Ellis, a *scherzo* and trio by Brahms;
Miss Martin, Thalberg's Fantasia on themes from *Masaniello*; Miss
Florence Sanders, the *andante* and *finale* from Sterndale Bennett's
sonata, *The Maid of Orleans*; and Mrs Sutton Sharpe, the *andante*
and *rondo* from Weber's duet-concertante for pianoforte and clari-
net (with the still incomparable Mr Lazarus). Solos on the violon-
cello were played by Signor Pezze, and on the trumpet by Mr
Thomas Harper. The singers were Miss Woodhatch and Mr Frank
Holmes. The lady gave Miss B. B. Simpson's setting of Sir Walter
Scott's "County Guy," as well as Mdme Sainton's ballad, "I can
wait," all in the best taste. Mr Frank Holmes, in Sullivan's "If
doughty deeds," Hullah's "Former days," and the late regretted
T. M. Mudie's "Dying Gladiator," found excellent opportunities for
showing the marked improvement he has recently been making in
voice and style. Mr Harwood Turner was accompanist.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Dr Sullivan's *David and Jonathan* was never originally
intended for an oratorio. It was conceived as a "sacred cantata,"
and promised by its gifted composer for the Norwich Festival of
1875; but, in consequence of indisposition following upon Dr
Sullivan's tryingly triumphant visit to Milan, not ready when
wanted—to the consternation of Sir Julius Benedict, who
wrote the oratorio of *St Peter* between the hours of 2 and 6 a.m.,
ten times more rapidly than the late Mr H. Fothergill Chorley
("studied before him") wrote the book (afterwards so judiciously
remodelled by Mr Joseph Bennett.) Five years later we hear of
David and Jonathan as an oratorio, composed expressly for the
Leeds Festival, which Dr Sullivan is to conduct. No such thing,
unhappily. In its place we are to have the *Martyr of Antioch*, a
cantata by one of the dullest of all imaginary poets, to mitigate
whose dulness will take all the tact and humour of the inimitable
W. S. Gilbert.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Clarendon Hotel, Birmingham.

* "Defeat of Mr Chorley." — DR BLIDGE.

GEORGES BIZET*

The public, being in a hurry or used up, often judges flippantly the early works of young composers. Those spectators who, indifferent or weary, attend the first efforts of such novices sometimes destroy with a shrug of the shoulders an edifice laboriously constructed at the price of long years of study and sleepless nights without number. Serious criticism hardly knows—and does not always deign to recollect—how many painful struggles every young composer must go through, and how many desperate attacks he must make, before he obtains even a moderate success. Side by side with the courteous judges who do not decide off-hand—who think it worth while to listen and take the trouble of discussing a subject in detail—how many indulge in peremptory sentences, brutal condemnations, and unreasoning, foregone conclusions, crushing in the bud the legitimate hopes of young composers. All artists do not possess the admirable stoicism of F. Halévy, who, referring one day to some bitter and unjust criticisms on his fine score of *Charles VI.*, observed: "Let them say what they choose: do not let us be affected by criticism. If the work is strong, it has nothing to fear. If there is no life in it, criticism will simply have accelerated its fall." Few composers possess this firmness of soul. Ill-natured or simply indifferent criticisms irritate the majority of conscientious workers; their life is worn away on this ever-revolving grindstone, on which they leave the best part of themselves.

Georges Bizet's honest, frank nature suffered cruelly from the often excessive harshness of criticism. Under a cold exterior, the heart of the valiant composer beat quickly and strongly, and, though finely tempered, his soul was prematurely crushed in the daily combats in which a man should be able to look at his enemies with a smile. Had Bizet been less taken up with his art, and less jealous of his works, he would still be the glory of the French school. Extreme nervousness combined with a strong feeling of professional dignity, has conferred on him the sad privilege of figuring in our gallery of the celebrated Dead.

Bizet (Alexandre, César, Léopold, called Georges) was born in Paris, on the 25th October, 1838, amid essentially artistic surroundings. His father, an excellent singing master, was married to a sister of Mme Delsarte, a talented pianist, who carried off the first prize at the Conservatory. Bizet's uncle, A. Delsarte, a friend of my childhood, was a musician of taste, but his erudition was not well balanced. He undertook to combine with vocal science a mass of subjects which appeared to unprejudiced judges quite distinct from this branch of art. An ardent apostle and sincere utopian, he advocated preparing the way for vocal studies by a knowledge of physiology, anatomy, phrenology, &c.; previous to their attempts to emit a sound, his pupils had to study the rationale of acoustics, as well as of look and gesture. The really solid part of his instruction, on the other hand, was deeply interesting. The study of sound in its gradations and varieties, and the gamut of its colour, were the theme of attractive demonstrations; reading and reciting aloud, declamation, spoken and sung, formed a body of subjects which often frightened timid pupils but fanaticised those of finely tempered minds.

Delsarte sent his young nephew to me. Georges Bizet was nine years old, and, though not very advanced, played with good taste and natural feeling Mozart's sonatas. From the very first day, I was able to perceive in him a strongly marked individuality which I endeavoured to preserve. He did not wish to show off but to "render well;" he had his favourite authors and I took a pleasure in learning the cause of his preferences. It is thus, I think, that, by awakening the intelligence and reason, a master may guide and form the taste of his pupils. Admitted into my own class, and successively into Benoist's for the organ, and F. Halévy's for fugue and ideal composition, Bizet won, surely, if slowly, all his grades, never allowing himself to be discouraged when not successful but always redoubling his efforts. He gained one after the other the prizes for solfeggio; the 2nd and the 1st prize for the piano, extempore playing and organ; the 2nd and the 1st prize for counterpoint and fugue; and lastly the "Prize of Rome." We see with what patience he went through his musical humanities before appearing as a master; an example to be noted at a time when eagerness to come forward united to the suggestions of self-love persuades so many students that they are

wasting their best years on the benches of the Conservatory. It was step by step that, from 1849 to 1857, Bizet went through the due course of study and of recompenses. Here are some probatory dates: 1849. Prize for solfeggio; 1851. 2nd prize for piano; 1852. 1st prize for piano. Under the above dates must be placed also the 1st "accessit," the 2nd and lastly the 1st prize for the organ in Benoist's class. 1854. 2nd prize for fugue; 1855. 1st prize for fugue; 1857. 2nd "Prix de Rome"; 1857. Grand "Prix de Rome."

We must not forget to record here an incident which Georges Bizet never forgot. When I was nominated to the piano class, Zimmermann begged me to point out among my pupils those who would like to study counterpoint under his direction, that being a study of which he was especially fond. Bizet was one of those I selected, and thus it was that, before entering the class of the illustrious master, Halévy, the young man was already familiar with the contrapuntal style according to the pure lines of Cherubini, whose traditions Zimmermann had inherited. It is also interesting to remember who were Bizet's fellow-pupils at the Conservatory. My class then comprised among its members Wieniawski, Thurner, Francis Planté, Martin Lazare, Jules Cohen, Deschamps, &c., a brilliant generation of accomplished virtuosos and future composers, with which are directly connected the pupils of the following years: Guiraud, Paladilhe, Dubois, Fissot, Duvernoy, Salvayre, and many others, and it is not without a melancholy feeling that, when contemplating their living celebrity, I think of the glory, so soon ended, of Georges Bizet.

The new "Grand Prix de Rome" had valiantly earned his artistic holiday. A residence in the Eternal City was the realisation of his youthful dreams. His letters, of which I possess several from Rome, breathe an ardent love of art as well as a lively and confident faith in the future. But there was a black spot obscuring the radiant horizon. The young composer's mother was in bad health, and very strong fears abridged his stay in Rome. It was written, however, that Providence should preserve some years longer for her affectionate family their worthy and courageous mother, so eager to devote herself to their happiness. On his return from Italy, Georges Bizet, while busying himself in looking about for a poem satisfying his aspirations and musical temperament, was wise enough to make a modest income by giving lessons in pianoforte-playing, harmony, and singing, or by undertaking arrangements and reductions for the music-publishers. This was a halt, but not a period of repose; it was a period for the concentration of the young composer's living force, so that he might make a breach in the stormy conflict of life, in which everyone too frequently fights for himself alone, and a brother-in-arms, an old school-fellow, rarely uses his influence and his connections, for the comrade of one day who has become his rival on the next.

It is only right to state that, thanks to the intelligent and artistic initiative of the popular impresario, Jacques Offenbach, G. Bizet and Ch. Lecocq were bracketed as *ex æquo* to receive the prize for a buffo opera—*Le Docteur Miracle*. Bizet's work was a clever pasticcio in the old Italian style, containing several excellent pieces, and especially an exceedingly well written *finale*; but this excursion into buffo composition was destined to be the only instance of Bizet's playing truant. His robust temperament and conscientious nature inclined him to treat impassioned subjects really suitable for the stage. *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* offered him an interesting canvas, moving scenes, and an opportunity of proving his value as a musician. Despite some portions which were too long, the public must have recognised in so important a first work, a composer of style, capable of frank, true melodies, speaking his language with great facility, and able to make his inspiration bend to dramatic sentiment. Yet *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* scarcely reached fifty representations, despite the efforts of M. Carvalho, who had a presentiment that Georges Bizet was a lyrical musician. *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* was followed, some years later, by *La Jolie Fille de Perth*, the book being written by Saint-Georges, and very skilfully arranged for the stage. It was an easy task for musicians and sincere critics to note great progress, undeniable firmness of style, and, lastly, a more strongly marked individuality, real originality in the form of the pieces, and new effects of sonority as well in the choruses as in the orchestra. Thenceforward, and despite the half success of this highly meritorious work, George was in the first rank

* From *Le Ménestrel*.

of new composers. The score of *Djamileh*, one act, for the Opéra-Comique, was a charming work, dreamy, impassioned, and bearing the stamp of that Oriental morbidity which Félicien David and Ernest Reyer have so happily transferred, palpitating with life, to the delicious pages of *Lalla Roukh* and *La Statue*. Georges Bizet's work may, with due allowance for difference of proportions, take its place unchallenged side by side with these two masterpieces, and that without his having borrowed aught of the originality and peculiar style of the two masters of Orientalism. In the intervals between his larger creations, Bizet produced orchestral *suites*, fragments of symphonies, and a characteristic overture: *Patric*. We must not forget to mention, also, his poetic score of *L'Arlésienne*. These orchestral and symphonic works, while proving the young composer's supple talent, rich imagination, and learning, afforded him, likewise, an opportunity of demonstrating his great ability, his perfect tact in the art of orchestration and of musical colour. He followed, within due bounds and without allowing himself to be carried beyond the limits of good taste and a sense of the Beautiful, the happy audacities of innovators, but, while admitting the grandeur of certain Wagnerian conceptions, he admired unreservedly the genial works of Verdi, and delighted in praising the ardent inspirations of that great master of Italian dramatic art. It is to be remarked that his predilection for the German and for the Italian school did not render him unjust towards our own national dramatic music. Auber, Halévy, Gounod, and Ambroise Thomas were to the last his favourite masters, and we have often heard him analyse, with the most sincere admiration, Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, of which, by the way, he left two remarkable transcriptions for the piano, the one two-handed and the other four-handed.

We are now nearing the happiest years of his life. After marrying Halévy's second daughter and becoming the father of a charming little girl, it was not long ere he was to know the delight of a real theatrical success. *Carmen*, a three-act work, which the Opéra-Comique public, at first a little startled by the realism of the libretto, eventually applauded with enthusiasm, established his reputation on a solid basis, and justified his having received a short time previously the knight's cross of the Legion of Honour. *Carmen*, so warm and so full of colour, at one and the same time original and frank in its inspired flights, soon became a modern stock-piece in France and abroad. But the already celebrated artist was about to be struck down in the midst of his triumph. Death came and seized him surrounded by those near and dear, by the side of his wife and in the arms of his friends, in his charming villa at Bougival, of which he was so fond, and whither he was always going to awaken inspiration. The catastrophe occurred the same year that *Carmen* achieved its success. *Carmen* was brought out in March, 1875. On the 3rd June of that same year Bizet succumbed to acute heart disease, accelerated by the emotions he had gone through during the few preceding months. The emotion caused by the event was considerable, and the sorrow general. All who, like us, knew Bizet will bear evidence to the noble and generous qualities of his heart, as well as to the elevation and delicacy of his sentiments. Endowed with healthy and correct judgment and a rigid conscience, he would hear nothing of compromises; he entertained to a supreme degree a sense of justice and a horror of intrigue. Possessed of refined and ready wit, he shone in conversation with intimate friends by his amusing and original repartees, observations full of sense, and happy sayings. On his days of gaiety he delighted in maintaining paradoxical theses after the manner of Méry. But in these games of wit he never employed irony. His sharp pointed darts were always arms of courtesy with his friends, and, when he might with certainty have wounded, he was contented with indicating he had touched. He was good, generous, devoted, and faithful in all his affections; his friendship, sincere and unalterable, was as solid as his conscience.

When a child, he was blond and ruddy, with a somewhat chubby but highly intelligent face. When a young man, his round features assumed a firmer character. His clear glance, open physiognomy, and smiling mouth, testified to great energy. Confidence was his predominant expression, and I still see him, despite the bitterness of his earlier dramatic essays, happy at living and easy as to the future, cashing the joys and the glory he had so well deserved.

A. MARMONTEL.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AS ART.

(From the "American Art Journal.")

Not every musician is an artist. Skill, tact, science, fall short of this high distinction. Yet we confound the eternal work of art, and the merest superficiality, composed by rule or memory, under one term, music. Let it be understood that, in all our high claims for music thus far, we have had reference, not to the mere medium of expression, to the agreeable combinations and successions of sound, which we call music, but to *music from the soul*, expressing itself through that medium, through those melodies and harmonies—not to the mere verbal and rhythmical dress of the poem, but to the poetry of it. Amongst all the numberless varieties of things which may be played and sung, there is much which claims to be music for a greater reason than that it is capable of being played and sung; for the reason, namely, that it is full of soul and meaning, and comes from an equal inspiration with the highest works of art, in painting, sculpture, or poetry. A true work of music stands for as much life, and is as much the word of a great soul, as in an *Iliad*, or a *Paradise Lost*. But poetry, which is no poetry, we can call rhyme; eloquence, which is uninspired, we can call speech; music we must call music, whether it be a jig or a *Messiah*; and there is no term to distinguish among mere melodies and harmonies conformed to rule, those which also contain meaning, originality, and the spirit of true art. A great many compositions bear the same relation to the high art standard of music which the rhymed commonplaces in the corners of newspapers bear to poetry, or which mere speech bears to eloquence.

What is art? is not easily answered. Yet the word is understood, where its presence has been felt by any one who has felt the difference between an Apollo Belvidere and a tolerably skillful statue from some clever hand. In each of its departments there are several stages or approximations to pure art. Thus, among writers, there is first the one who has merely mastered the language, and who lets the language or the current literature do his thinking for him. Then there is the one who writes skillfully to some purpose, who knows how to adapt means to an end, to prove, to persuade, to please; such is the popular speaker, lecturer, essayist, satirist or didactic poet. Then there is the *artist* who creates, who produces a poem or a thought for its own sake, because he is full of it and must give it utterance; it is his own genius which he writes out, and he molds the language to his use; it is to serve no special end; his work is an end in itself; it has not merely a relative, but an absolute existence; you do not ask *why* it is, but only *what* it is. The first is acquirement; the second, talent; the third, genius. So the painter or sculptor, who succeeds in getting a faithful likeness of a head, is no artist, but only one who has acquired the use of the tools of art. Above him is the skillful designer, who gives you representations or illustrations of historical scenes or natural objects or his own fancies. He has talent, yet he is not the artist. The artist, the man of genius, creates. He borrows both his materials and his subject, to be sure; but they are the least part of his picture or his group. He finds a subject in the worship of Apollo, the story of Laocoon, and landscape before him; but that is only the web into which he must put the woof. Talent uses paint and marble to represent a storm. Genius first translates the storm into a painting, and then uses them both to represent its own ideal—makes both serve its master thought. The works of talent surprise us, and make us think chiefly of the power and skill displayed in their execution. The works of genius overpower us, transport us, fill us with their own spirit, haunt us wherever we go, suggest to us infinitely more than we see, and come over us like the whole heavens, showing us not one thing, but the harmony of all things. The reason for their being lies not in the subject, or passage of history, which they illustrate; they do not have to go out of themselves for it. All traces of the old mythology might be lost; and the Apollo, without a name or clue to its story, would mean as much as it now means. So in music. With those who work in tones, as with those who work in stone, or brass, or colours, there are all grades of excellence, from manufacture up to art. Do not confound the mechanical *composer* or *maker-up* with the creator or artist, whose music is the exponent and beautiful revelation of his life. Believe, too, that in music itself there is something greater than anything which it undertakes to illustrate or adorn; that art is greater than its subjects or occasions; that music has something more to do than to clothe a given thought or imitate a given scene or story. Its nobler mission is to publish its own secret; to give you, not storms, moonlight, battles, hymns, tragedies, recollections; for those you have (in the original, which is better than the copy), but to give you *music*, something which concerns you intimately, and which is not published in any other way. A great deal is said about imitations of nature, or stories of human life, running through music; and there is great joy among the disciples when some such hint, by way of explanation of his

meaning in some piece, admired we know not why, can be got from the great master. Not content with enjoying it as music, we ask to have it repeated to us as thought, which is like asking to have the condition of the blessed in another world made visible to eye and ear in this world. To hear music truly, you enter the realm of music, and feel as if all the world was music, and nothing but music; you forget your former state; histories, persons, scenes, thoughts, words, are foreign here; it is not their element; the most you can do will be to say, like Paul, "I know not whether I was in the body or out of the body." Return to the matter-of-fact life of the senses, and ask the composer what he meant, and either he will give no answer or one that will sadly disappoint you. Importuned for an answer of some sort, he will tell you of any fly of circumstance that chanced to light upon his paper while he wrote, of any stray thought, or momentary consciousness of things in the outer world, which chequered the pure sky of his rhapsody at his piano. Ask the clear running stream its meaning; you will recognize the chance reflections of objects flitting over it, objects beautiful, fanciful, grotesque or low; but they are not the running stream. So in art; you may see all things, but not itself. Imitative music is sometimes wonderful, but it is not the highest. Music is essentially subjective, and mere musical imitations of objects are a prostitution of the art. They are not art, any more than the Dauguerreotype was art. Curiosity is excited to hear the "Battle of Prague" or Neukomm's Organ Fantasia, representing a concert on a lake interrupted by a storm. Such things can hardly entertain the lover of true music twice. Even Haydn's *Creation*, by its literal imitations, sacrifices too much to effect. Schindler, the biographer of Beethoven, gives us an explanation, from the master himself, of one of his sonatas, and traces minutely through, from phrase to phrase, two answering parts, one pleading, the other angrily refusing, as if it were a quarrel between two lovers, or between husband and wife.* But from the lips of Beethoven himself we would not accept so low an explanation. He told what he could, perhaps, but left the most untold, or never thought how much he meant. Could the story affect us like the music? Of no vulgar nature must the conflict be which could be carried up into the pure realm of art and made immortal—a conflict of ideal spirits, or of principles, or, say of the individual soul with Destiny, the music, the meanwhile, harmonizing all their wild, impatient outbreaks, that they may not go beyond the law of beauty, and thus predicting the sure and happy reconciliation. On another occasion, being asked the key to a sonata, he replied, "Read Shakspeare's *Tempest*." But he did not say, "It is a musical translation of the *Tempest*." In vain will you endeavour to trace the story through it, save as you trace a vague and fanciful connection between the accidental figures in the veins of mahogany or marble. You cannot say, this represents the storm; this, the scolding of the boatswain; this, the uplifting of the magician's wand; this, the pleading sympathy of Miranda; and this, the sudden flight and apparition of the tricky Ariel. All that, done ever so well, would have been but a musical curiosity. Our artist worked for no such end in this sonata. It was his own wild and glorious mood, which he would utter and preserve in the immortal form of art. Would you know what wrought him up to such a pitch of feeling? "Read Shakspeare's *Tempest*." These strains are but the audible vibrations of his soul under the spell of that wild tale of elemental discord, wonder, love, and all-subduing justice; his rapturous response to the tones of another master mind. While you listen, your fancy will roam at large and recognize, *ad libitum*, full many a well-known face—Ariels, and beautiful or grotesque spirits without, "music i' the air," Calibans and growling thunder, the whole isle shaking, waves roaring, clouds blackening, flames flickering on the tops of masts, soft sighs of love and compassion, and deep tones of fatherly wisdom—but all indefinite, all in the vague, evanescent interminglings and successions of a dream. No regular synopsis could be given. Such is the difference between Art and Skill. And thus is Music, as an art, no parasite, living upon other arts, but endowed with an independent being, and entrusted with its own peculiar mission.

[All this is intended to apply to the Sonata in D minor, Op. 31; but as it does not really apply in any imaginable sense to that fine work, the whole must be set down as a Schindler *canard*.—DR BLIDGE.]

The new Operahouse at Pesth will not be finished in less than six years, as the Government can expend only 200,000 florins on it annually.

* The Sonata in G major, Op. 14.

THE MUSICAL CITY OF LEIPSIK.

A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

(To the Editor of the "Parisian.")

SIR,—In attempting a brief description of Leipsic and the life led there by musical students, I must be pardoned for entering somewhat largely into my own experiences.

On arriving, one's first thought after making known a desire to enter the Conservatorium is to search for a home. This may be easily found at one of the boarding-houses in which German towns abound. At some of these it is possible to live as a member of the family; for in Germany it is not considered in the least derogatory to married officers and persons of similar standing to receive boarders. In other establishments, kept by persons in a different scale of society, one is served in one's private apartment. Many of the English and Americans, of whom there are great numbers studying in Leipsic, prefer the latter and more independent arrangement, and to this class I myself belonged. One large apartment, a combination of bed-room and sitting-room, is usually considered sufficient to answer the purposes of dressing, dining, and reception-room; in very few cases is the luxury of an additional *salon* indulged in. The furniture of these abodes is not of the most elaborate description, consisting principally of a large Berlin stove, which, without any visible fire, warms the room much more effectually than our open fire-places, and a wooden bedstead. This is provided in the way of covering with a huge down quilt, which, until one has acquired some dexterity in balancing it, makes frequent excursions to different parts of the room during the night. Another thing in connection with these beds requiring careful manipulation is the screen by which they are concealed during the day. At night, if not removed, one is apt to have occasional encounters with it, resulting in its fall. These little *contretemps* enable one to pass the first few nights in a most entertaining manner. The rest of the furniture is easily described. It consists for the most part of a few chairs, a table, more or less rickety, and one or two rugs, the parquet floor rendering carpet superfluous.

Before being admitted as a student of the Conservatorium, it is necessary to pass an examination, which, as it seldom happens that a candidate is rejected, is almost nominal. This ceremony, nevertheless, is rather an ordeal, since it comprises giving a specimen of one's capabilities in the presence of a jury of professors. A favourable verdict having been pronounced, a few interviews with the kind old Director (Herr Schleinitz) and the Inspector (Herr Albrecht) suffice to arrange admission; and the concluding form is the reading aloud in English and German to the recently admitted candidates of the rules to be observed in the establishment. As the professors present did not understand English, I fear, when on one occasion I was deputed to read the above-mentioned rules to some of my country-people, my sense of the humorous overcame my respect for the authorities; and some clauses which I added on my own account delivered with a gravity befitting the occasion, slightly astonished my hearers. After giving the dates of their birth with brief biographies of their nearest relations, the students are provided with a plan of the daily lessons, and can begin work.

The exterior of the Conservatorium is by no means elegant. My first impression on seeing it was one of intense disappointment. After hearing so much of this renowned institution, founded by Mendelssohn, and boasting of so many interesting associations, my imagination had pictured a most imposing edifice, and the astonishment I felt on being introduced to an ill-shapen building, situated in a kind of court-yard, and destitute of all architectural ornament, may be easily conceived. My reverence for it was, however, quickly re-established, for although the interior rivals the exterior in simplicity and absence of superfluous embellishment, the instruction imparted and talent to be met with in those bare rooms are sufficient to inspire the highest respect and affection. Each student, or "Conservatorist" and "Conservatoristi," as they are called, has a right to from six to eight lessons a week in piano, violin, violoncello, or singing and harmony; besides which there are weekly lectures, classes for the practice of concerted music, and entertainments (*Abendunterhaltungen*), every Friday evening, arranged for the purpose of accustoming inexperienced artists to perform in public. These take place in the Concert Hall, a room capable of holding from four to five hundred people; and all interested in the success of the Conservatorium are admitted. Every student will preserve an un fading remembrance of the terror inspired by this small audience, consisting principally of the professors and their pupils, the latter more sternly critical than the magnates themselves. At the Friday concerts the ladies and gentlemen are seated on different sides of the room, as in some places of worship; except, indeed, in the gallery, where, owing to the considerate forethought of the architect, it is

impossible to prevent the sexes from mixing indiscriminately. I need scarcely observe that this is the most crowded part of the house; and seats there are warmly competed for. Throughout the Conservatorium the male and female classes are kept carefully apart; a precaution which appeared to me very unnecessary, since I never met a member of the institution who could have succeeded in diverting my attention for one moment from my studies.

This reminds me of the intense amusement I derived from the extraordinary and varied styles of costume worn by the male inhabitants of Leipzig, on which a few remarks will not, I trust, appear irrelevant. Not being sufficiently well acquainted with all the technicalities of gentlemen's dress to enter fully into the subject, I will confine myself to that part of their attire which made the deepest impression on me, and on which, from the amount of attention I bestowed upon it, I may be considered justified in enlarging. The articles which claimed my notice were the hats, for which, in variety of shape and ingenuity of style, Leipzig is unrivalled. A Leipzig hatter does not aim at immortalizing himself by producing any one description of hat presenting such advantages as his London competitors would boast of having combined; it is his pride to turn out as many different forms and fashions as possible. Consequently, one encounters in the streets of Leipzig every conceivable kind of hat, from small ones of hard felt, resembling inverted soup-plates, to huge ones of soft felt, which give their wearers the appearance of retired bandits. Many of them, from their antiquity, command the highest respect, and to this venerable class belonged one of which I shall retain an undying recollection. It was the property of a much-esteemed professor of my acquaintance, and of the sort known in England as the "chimney-pot," in America as the "stove-pipe," and in Russia as the "Cylindre de la Civilisation." In addition to its other attractions, it was ornamented by a deep mourning band, also not of very recent date, fastened at the side by a row of small buttons. I say at the side, but they appeared from time to time at the side, front, and even at the back of the hat. The students assured me that when the professor arrived at the class the position of these buttons was a sure indication of his humour. If in an absent frame of mind, he had, after a very necessary application of the brush, allowed them to drift round to the front; when he was in an equable mood they were to be found in their legitimate place at the side; but if after a furious brushing they had been dragged to the back a stormy interview might be anticipated. The only trouble this remarkable head-gear occasioned me was when walking with the learned professor, in whose society no eccentricity of costume could prevent me from taking a genuine delight. Much, however, of the pleasure I derived from his conversation was destroyed by the anxiety I experienced each time he saluted his friends, when the rim of his hat threatened to part from the body. The professor recently visited me in London, and my solicitude was renewed on my observing (as I immediately did) that the imperishable hat had survived all ill-treatment, and followed me here.

The amusements offered in Leipzig during the winter are the theatres, concerts, and skating. The new theatre is a large and handsome building, where operas and dramas are given alternately every evening. Although the "stars" of London, Paris, and St Petersburg are seldom heard there, great attention is paid to the orchestra and chorus, resulting in a generally good performance. The low prices (the most expensive seats costing only four shillings on ordinary occasions), enable even persons of slender means to indulge frequently in these entertainments. The principal orchestral concerts are the Gewandhaus, the Euterpe, and occasional church concerts for the performance of oratorios, masses, &c. There are also the *Kammermusik Soiréen*, once a week, and concerts organized by stray artists visiting the town. The Gewandhaus Concerts every Thursday evening are the event of the week. The rehearsals, at which members of the Conservatorium have the privilege of being present, take place on Wednesday morning, beginning at 9 o'clock; the early hour raising murmurs in which even the most enthusiastic amateurs cannot but join. All the numbered seats having been subscribed for by the same families for years, and being looked upon as heirlooms, outsiders wishing to be present at these concerts are condemned to sit in the Kleiner Saal, behind the hall, where it is possible to see but not—except from the few seats facing the door which leads to the large room—to hear. To secure these coveted chairs is the ambition of all; and a formidable party may be found assembled on the stairs of the Gewandhaus an hour before the doors are opened, prepared on the ringing of the bell, the signal for their admission, to incur any risks in compassing this end. The new comers uninitiated in these customs are slightly astonished, on arriving shortly before the beginning of the concert, to find all chance of obtaining a seat at an end. But, shortly after, the novice, who a few weeks earlier would probably have been sauntering leisurely into St James's Hall in all the splendour of evening array,

might be seen scampering madly along the passages of the Gewandhaus, upsetting anyone who barred the way to the longed-for seat. The discovery of a less-frequented entrance on the other side of the hall caused at one time a certain amount of excitement, and a few admitted to the secret were missed from the usual post on the stairs. The result was that the two parties, rushing frantically from opposite directions, fell into each other's arms; and in the struggle the seats which had been the object of this unseemly encounter fell to the lot of the less enterprising competitors bringing up the rear. The Euterpe Concerts are also of considerable repute, but not sufficiently so to necessitate a resort to strong measures in order to obtain a stall.

Large quantities of cakes and chocolate are devoured in Leipzig, not only by ladies, old and young, but also by gentlemen; and bearded officers, learned-looking professors, and bustling men of business are to be seen solemnly discussing enormous slices of cream cake with undisguised enjoyment. Fearing that a categorical enumeration of the many *cafés* where these delicacies are to be obtained might cause my letter to assume the character of a guide-book, I will confine myself to the mention of Seifert's, a *conditorei* of fame, opposite the Conservatorium, where at all hours may be found several representatives of that institution clamouring, not for bread, but for cakes, which are supplied in great variety. Many German *cafés* combine musical attractions with those of a more material nature, by providing a fair orchestra, and engaging companies of Tyrolean singers. There people are in the habit of assembling with their entire families. The ladies come armed with their knitting needles—from which under no circumstances can they be induced to part—and sit for hours in an atmosphere thick with smoke, listening to the conversation, or to as much of it as can be distinguished amidst the prevailing din, imbibing beer with considerable relish, and apparently quite contented with this mild form of dissipation. I have observed that fresh air is an entirely unnecessary adjunct to a German's existence. He invariably calls it a "draught," and on a door or window being stealthily opened by a foreigner, perhaps unaccustomed to the extremely high temperature, the refreshing current of air is immediately noticed, and the unhappy offender assailed in terms of the utmost indignation. It is rather a contradictory fact that during the summer months the Germans spend as much of their time as possible out of doors, dining and supping by preference in the gardens attached to the *cafés* and restaurants. The climate admits of this, and it is one of the most delightful features of life in Germany.

Skating is a favourite amusement with all classes in Leipzig, where, as in other large German towns, it is much more accessible to ladies than in London. On the occasions when our capricious weather produces ice they must either make an excursion to Richmond or Hendon, or content themselves with watching the evolutions of the "roughs" in possession of the parks nearer at hand. In Germany the sum of threepence is paid by each person for admission to that part of the lakes reserved for skating, the money thus received being spent in keeping the ice in good order. It is well swept once or twice every day, and at night, after being much used, is flooded so that it may speedily recover all necessary smoothness. Serious accidents are very rare, as no skating is permitted until the ice is six inches thick.

Leipzig not only offers every facility for pursuing studies in all branches of art and science, but is, moreover, an extremely agreeable town to live in. The inhabitants are kindly disposed and hospitable towards strangers, sympathizing with them in their exertions, whether in the direction of art, science, or business. As to those who have studied at the Conservatorium, I can confidently affirm that they hail with pleasure every opportunity of returning to Germany, and that the first place visited is sure to be "dear old Leipzig."

BESSIE RICHARDS.

London, July, 1880.

CHRIST CHURCH, GORE ROAD, VICTORIA PARK,
SOUTH HACKNEY.

Programme of an Organ Recital by Mr W. H. Jude, organist of the
Blue Coat Hospital, Liverpool.

THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 29TH, 1880.

Grand Chorus, "Hallelujah to the Father"	Beethoven.
Barcarolle, from the Fourth Concerto	Sterndale Bennett.
Fanfare of Trumpets, for the Organ	J. Lemmens.
Andante, from the Violin Concerto	Mendelssohn.
Prelude and Fugue, for the Organ	Bach.
Pilgrim's Song of Hope	Batiste.
Marche Triomphale, for the Organ	W. H. Jude.

The Offertory was devoted to the Liquidation of the Debt on St Luke's Mission Church, Bethnal Green.

BALLET MUSIC.

In its notice of the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre a contemporary (*The Graphic*) makes the following remarks:—

"In the way of ballet music Mr. Cowen might have chosen something more interesting than the movements from Rubinstein's *Feramorz*. Has Auber composed no ballet music besides that in *Masaniello*? What has become, for example, of *Gustave*, *Le Dieu et la Bayadère* (comprising the exquisite 'Shawl-dance'), *Le Lac des Fées*, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, &c., that at these concerts we should be compelled to listen to such dreary commonplace?"

What, indeed! With such ballet music in existence, it is difficult to understand how the *Feramorz* dances can find a hearing. They are almost as heavy and monotonous as the dances in *Tannhäuser* (Paris version) and the *Meistersinger*.—D. B.

—o—
WAIFS.

Bellini's Monument at Catania is at last completed.

The Italian season at St Petersburg begins on the 4th October.

Mdlle Turolla (Mr Gye's young *prima donna*) was lately at Milan.

Mdlle Bianca Bianchi has been enthusiastically received in Prague.

Wagner's *Rienzi* is to be given this autumn at the Politeama, Rome.

Bizet's *Carmen* will be given at the Teatro Dal Verme, Milan, this autumn.

The workmen have commenced repairing the Teatro Principal, Barcelona.

Ambrose Thomas' *Hamlet* is in preparation at the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen.

Gustav Holländer and Xaver Scharwenka gave a concert at Ems on the 30th ult.

M. Maurel, during his holiday, intends visiting Savoy and his native place, Marseilles.

A company has been formed at Tortosa, in Spain, for the purpose of building a new theatre.

The Mayor of Parma was lately in Milan, in quest of a manager for the Parmesan theatre.

The management of the Politeama, Genoa, has been undertaken by a joint-stock company.

Sig. Bevilacqua recently passed through Milan on his way to the watering-place of Recoaro.

August Wilhelmj, "loaded with laurels and dollars," will shortly return to Europe from America.

Mdlle Marianne Brand, of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, lost her mother, on the 22nd July, at Vöslau.

The *Política* of Madrid says that Tamberlik is forming an Italian operatic company to take to America.

Jul. Hoffmann, director of the Carola Theatre, Leipsic, has become manager of the Stadttheater, Cologne.

Naudin is engaged for three performances at the Politeama, Rome, after which he visits Pisa and Ancona.

Boito's *Mefistofele* will be performed by Mr Mapleson's company during the course of his American season.

Signor Lucilla is setting to music a libretto founded on Giacosa's *Conte Rosso*. (Impossible!—DR BLIDGE.)

Mdlle Marcella Sembrich, according to the French papers, is to receive 32,000 francs for 16 performances in Madrid.

The Arena Nazionale, Florence, was announced to open with *Don Pasquale*, to be followed by Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*.

The Visconte D'Arneiro, a well-known dilettante, has written an opera entitled: *La Derelitta*. (Is it possible?—DR BLIDGE.)

The American papers say that Joseph Joachim will visit the States this winter. (Don't they wish they may get him.—DR BLIDGE.)

Hippolyte Mermet has written the libretto and music of a new opera, to be called *Bacchus*. (It ought to be called *Pan*.—DR BLIDGE.)

Usiglio's new opera, *Le Nozze in Prigione*, is to be produced in October at the Teatro Carcano, Milan. (Too good to believe.—DR BLIDGE.)

Arno Kleffel, *Capellmeister* at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, Berlin, goes in the same capacity to the Stadttheater, Augsburg.

Mdlle Belocca is expected in Paris this autumn, and will sing there, unless engaged with Mr Mapleson for the coming season in New York.

Professor Glover has returned to London from the continent. We hear he has been engaged on the forthcoming French edition of his work on *The Theory of Music*.

Max Strakosch has secured Mdlle Marie Rose for an English opera season, to commence on the 1st November, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.

A fire broke out lately in the Theatre at Perpignan. The actors and actresses jumped out of the windows. Three of the former and as many of the latter were seriously injured.

"The departure of Ole Bull for Europe"—says the *Boston Courier* (U.S.) "will afford him the needed rest preparatory to commencing his sixteenth annual farewell tour in America."

Fifty-four newspapers in the States are edited by American citizens of African descent. "This," observes the *Boston Courier* (U.S.), "probably accounts for the coloured statements in many of the public journals."

Although the Khedive grants a liberal sum for the re-opening of the Viceroyal Theatre at Cairo, no more "grand opera" will be undertaken, no more *Aidas*, economy being now happily the order of the day.—*Graphic*.

Mad. Vanzini and her clever young daughter, Mdlle Vanzandt, have left London for a holiday on the continent. Mdlle Vanzandt returns to Paris in October, to resume her duties at the Opéra, where, as Mignon in the well-known work of M. Ambroise Thomas, she, not long ago, obtained so brilliant a success.

OH! MISS BESSIE.—At the opening Covent Garden Promenade Concert, under the direction of Messrs A. and S. Gatti, the pianist was Miss Bessie Richards, a young and rising artist whom it is always a pleasure to see and hear. Miss Richards elected to play Mendelssohn's *Serenade* and *Rondo gioioso* and Liszt's *dis-arrangement* of Weber's brilliant "Polacca," both with orchestral accompaniments—the former as welcome as the latter, a piece of ruthless Vandalism almost without precedent is the contrary.—*Contemporary*.

THE GATTI CONCERTS.—Messrs A. and S. Gatti have once again come forward with those so-called "Promenade Concerts" which for several years they have directed with such spirit, to the public advantage and it may be hoped to their own. At this precise period, for reasons unnecessary to explain, such concerts are a boon to many amateurs who, tied to London by their avocations, or by considerations of economy, during the summer and autumn holidays, could through no other channel find music so suited to their taste, notwithstanding the glare and bustle of its surroundings. Then, foreign visitors and visitors from the country, who flock to London at the same season, if musically given, are not likely, among the various sights and scenes our overgrown capital can show, to pass over the "Promenades," or to be chary of their attendance. To all such, it must be allowed, Messrs Gatti offer temptations not easily resisted. The interior of the theatre—with its busy crowd, some listening attentively to the performances, others bent on seeking enjoyment at the spacious and well-furnished refreshment counters; with its colossal orchestra, and the always bright and tasteful "decorations" of Mr Julian Hicks, would alone form an attraction for the majority. Add to this the music, and we have a complete thing. Nor, except with reference to this special point are further remarks demanded. Dr Sullivan having succeeded, and Mr Alfred Collier, his erstwhile substitute, migrated to the other side of the Atlantic, we have a new conductor, in the person of Mr Frederic H. Cowen, a young and highly talented composer—the right man, as no one can fairly deny, in the right place. With such an adept to control the musical department, a company of instrumental players efficient at all points was naturally looked for. Nor has expectation been disappointed.—*Graphic*.

Of the Theatres in Rome the Circo Reale and the Politeama accommodate 4,000 spectators each; the Argentina contains 3,500; the Apollo and the Sferisterio, 3,000 each; the Corea, 2,500; the Valle, 1,500; the Capranica, 1,200; the Quirino, 850; the Metastasio, 750; the Manzoni, 700; the Rossini, 400; the Consolazione, 300; the Alfieri, 250; and the Tiberino, 200. The new Teatro Nazionale will be larger than any and capable of holding 5,000 persons.

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